

# ZION'S HERALD.

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## COMPENSATION.

BY ELLA C. G. PAGE.

I do not mourn the visions lost to me,  
That Time's broad pinions, as in rapid flight  
Down the long years he sped, have brushed  
From out my following sight.

I mourn, indeed, the boundless faith in all;  
Youth's confidence, its free, untrammelled thought;  
They have all vanished in the ebb of years,  
And left me relic naught.

Naught, did I say? experience is much;  
Yet, looking back upon the faded gold,  
How small, indeed, appear to me to-day  
The fragments that I hold.

Those boundless visions of enchanted lore,  
Those radiant Elysian flowers ever fair—  
Too sweet, they faded as day lilies drop  
At night their petals rare.

But other blossoms, though the lilies fall,  
Open beside my way—Love's heliotrope,  
The soft forget-me-not of Faith, the asphodel  
Of an immortal hope.

And best and fairest of them all, appears  
With mild, sweet flower that every angel  
knows,  
The dewy luster, the un fading flush,  
Of Sharon's spotless rose.

So compensations wait us everywhere  
Within the rugged path or valley low,  
And angels whisper, and heaven's song-  
birds sing  
Above us, as we go.

And so no more I sigh o'er vanished dreams;  
Like song-birds mounting to the distant sky  
They went before me to the shining strand,  
And I shall follow by and by.  
Methuen, Mass.

## A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. J. D. CHAPLIN.

The fire had been replenished with large hickory sticks, and the blaze was dancing and reflecting its brightness in the polished andirons and fender, and casting shadows on the wall of the large old sitting-room.

A white little hand had just brushed up the ashes, and drawn a great leather-covered chair on to the hearth-rug.  
Three young girls—one of the house and two guests—seated themselves on low stools, making a beautiful picture in the firelight.

"Come, grandpa, come!" cried the old man's pet, half playfully, half pettishly. "Your old tramp is fed and settled for the night; now fulfill your promise of a story."

"Why is it, that we have to take care of all these beggars and stragglers? Captain Wilkes won't let one of them on to his premises; and the other neighbors only let them into their barns," she added, as the grand old man took his seat at the fire.

"Be merciful, child," he said, "be merciful. All wanderers are not incendiaries or thieves. Circumstances may force a decent man or woman out into the world penniless and homeless; and we—"

"I don't believe a word of it!" cried the spoiled little beauty; "but we'll forgive you, if you'll tell us a story now."

"What shall I tell you? I never went to sea, I was not in the war, and—"  
"Oh, tell us when I was a boy," I don't know anything of my ancestors," said Bell. "I once asked my father about them, and he said you couldn't remember either father or mother."

"He was right, child, and perhaps the very best story I can tell a hard-hearted little girl to-night, will be that of my introduction to this house."

"Wasn't you born here, grandpa?"  
"No, my child."  
"Where were you born?"  
"In Boston, I've been told."  
"Been told?" cried Bell. "Don't you know where you were born?"  
"No, no more than you know where you were born."

"But I do know! I was born in this very house."

"How do you know?"

"I've always been told so."

"Oh yes; and so have I been told that I was born at the old North End—then a respectable locality—of Boston."

"Dr. Bruce owned this great farm, and had an extensive country practice in this region. He had no children, and lived here with his wife, a Yankee girl named Hopsy, as help, and a stable boy we called in sport Flap-Jack, his real name being John (or Jack) Flack."

"The farmer on the place lived in the cottage, long fallen to ruin, where you see the old cellar full of burdocks and thistles in the great east lot."

"Well?" cried Bell, as the old man paused and rested his head thoughtfully on his hand.

"One night the doctor and his wife were sitting just as we are here to-night, only that the lady was knitting good, warm stockings, as these ladies are not, when Squire Carter, the representative of this town to the General Court then in session in Boston, came in as for an evening's chat. But very soon it seemed that he had another errand. He said a lady had just come to his house apparently in great trouble. 'She said she had been turned out of doors by her parents, and was fleeing to L—an old friend—for shelter. She is in a sad plight; and I believe she has walked from Boston. I know who her father is, but I know nothing of the family trouble. I do not like to appear as harboring her, and came over to ask if you will shelter her till I can let him know about her. She has a little babe in her arms, and is certainly an object of pity.'

"The doctor and his wife, while they thought the politician cruelly cautious, consented to receive the poor woman and her child. She never came here; she was taken very ill from the weariness and exposure. The doctor's wife took the baby to oblige her friend; and the parents' hearts were softened so that they sent a close carriage for their daughter, and nursed her till death came and healed the breach between them—so the neighbors said."

"Then the squire, finding the baby in such a warm nest, urged the doctor's wife to keep it, assuring her that it belonged to a family of high respectability whose daughter had disgraced them by a poor marriage; and that money would be forwarded from time to time for its support and education."

"They declined adopting the child, but kept it 'for the present.' Weeks and months and years went by, and the 'present' proved a long time. On the boy reaching six or eight years, and having grown to be the idol of the house, the doctor and his wife feared he might be claimed some day, and taken from them. They then offered to make him their own, and declined any farther remittances of money, on condition that the whole story of his birth and parentage were given them; otherwise they chose to make the sacrifice then, and part with him at once. So much did they fear losing him, that they were willing to make almost any terms with his natural (or rather unnatural) relatives."

"One night they signed a paper binding themselves never to reveal the particulars given them, and to give the boy their name and to make him their heir."

"That is the way I came into this house, where I have lived sixty-eight years!"

"Oh mercy, grandpa! Did you never know who your mother was?" asked Bell.

"Never. The squire told me in his last hours—I was a grown man then, and aching and hungering for some knowledge of my kindred—that his wife was under no oath, and after he was gone would tell me all."

"She hesitated and put me off, till her lips were sealed; and I have no idea to-day whom I belong to. The squire always doubted whether my mother really died at that time, and thought she was sent abroad, to be lost to her husband. Many a night in childhood and manhood, and even in old age, have I lain awake imagining the face of my mother! I have dreamed of her, and prayed for her, and if I reach heaven, dear children, I hope to meet her there. You who have been so tenderly reared, can have very little idea of the hunger of a child's heart for its mother. I had all the kindness I could have asked for, and if this story had never reached my ears, I might have had a happy youth. As it was, I was always restless, longing for something I could not define; and never had real peace till I found it in God and my own dear children."

"That's very, very strange, and now I see why I never heard of my great-grandmother. But this isn't the kind of story we wanted, grandpa," said Bell. "We want to hear how you went gunning and fishing, and were storm-tossed in the woods; and how you shot deer and foxes; and how the wild In-

dians came round the house, and threatened to burn it down with all the family in it, if you did not give them what they asked for; and how the chief's handsome daughter saved your lives because she loved you; and how she begged you to marry her and live in a wigwam, but you wouldn't, because you loved grandmas—poor, dear grandmas, how we miss her, and father and mother!"

"My poor, foolish child!" said the old gentleman. "That is all nonsense; I never was a sportsman; I never slept out of doors in my life; and I never saw a wild Indian! I chose the quiet life of a farmer, although I might have gone into business in Boston, or have studied medicine with father, as I always called the doctor. I have spent a peaceful life, and have great reason to bless God for His mercies; and I have tried to serve Him faithfully, and to share my blessings with others."

"That's a strange story you have told us; but why did you tell it to-night, grandpa?" asked Bell.

"Because I wanted to teach you a lesson, my child. Suppose, little heart, that no one had taken my mother and me in on that fearful night; I might have been left at a poorhouse and grown up a vagrant. No, Bell, although you are now the small mistress of this house, you can never send a wanderer unfed and uncomfortable from your door! A dozen of them will probably be idle fellows, but the thirteenth may be an honest man, seeking work; and he shall never rise up against me in the last day and say, 'I was an hungry and ye gave me no meat.' It is far better, children, to err on the side of mercy, if we err at all. I will try all these men, and if they will not work, then neither shall they eat, here. The world is full of sorrow and want, and we must all do our share to alleviate it. At no distant day this fine old farm and this great house will be Bell's, and I want the blessing of those ready to perish to rest on it, as well as the blessing of my father's God."

"The young and happy have great need, children, to watch their heads lest they grow hardened by the very blessings God showers on them. I know 'tramps' are numerous and troublesome, and sometimes dangerous. But for all that, I believe many selfish people turn every stranger from the door unfed and unsheltered, and excuse themselves by calling him a 'tramp.' What a terrible thing it would be, if in our meanness or carelessness, we should chance to shut the door in the face of one of the least of these, His disciples, and so shut it against our blessed Lord! 'Be ye merciful even as I am merciful,' is a good motto to keep before your eyes and minds."

"The Count looked at these resolute men with astonishment, as he answered, 'No, you shall not be driven to that extremity; take timber with you, and build a house. Accept these fifty dollars for that purpose.'"

Thus by faith and perseverance did these really great-souled men overcome every obstacle that rose to hinder the execution of their plans. By the 20th of the succeeding month of April, they were fairly settled for their Christian work, the small-pox became epidemic among the natives. Trying to relieve the sick, they were stricken with the disease themselves. A year of affliction followed. Nevertheless, though they lost their health, they retained their faith, their zeal, and their hope of success."

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We cannot feel surprised, therefore, that, when they reached Copenhagen and told their purpose to kind-hearted friends, they were looked upon as romantic dreamers. They were told that the Danish government was contemplating the withdrawal of its colonists from Greenland. "In that case," said their friends, "it will be very dangerous for you to land there. The natives will kill you, or in the absence of supplies sent from home, you will starve to death."

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the Saviour's dying love. Some of the pagans laid their hands across their mouths—their sign of astonishment; a few slunk away; others remained to be instructed and to pray. In fact, the rock was smitten; a gracious work was begun; many were subsequently saved. By 1801 Greenland, along its western coast, became a Christian country, and thus were those heroic men of Herrnhut, with their equally noble predecessors, Hans Egede, rewarded with the prize for which they had believed, suffered, and wrought with a patience almost unexampled in Christian history."

We submit a question or two to the reader: Does romantic fiction contain aught that is more romantic than this reality, taken from modern missionary history? Do not the sacrifices of those noble missionaries make our contributions to the evangelization of the nations appear petty and insignificant?

With this small sum they set out on foot, in the middle of January. The distance was five hundred miles. What a sublime spectacle! Three men, inspired by the love of Christ, walking five hundred miles in mid-winter, in pursuit of an opportunity to reach a dreary land far over the seas, where their only reasonable prospect was hardship, suffering, and possibly a premature grave. Nay, they had one higher, nobler hope. It was that they might win a few poor souls for their divine Master."



## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Sunday, January 13.  
Lesson 11. 2 Chron. xiv, 1-11.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

## ASA FAITHFUL TO HIS GOD.

After a reign of seventeen years Rehoboam died, and his son Abijah succeeded him, A. C. 958. The great event of Abijah's reign, which lasted but three years, was his war with Jeroboam, King of Israel. Two immense armies were arrayed against each other—the army of Judah numbering four hundred thousand men, and that of Israel twice as many; on both sides they were “chosen, mighty men of valor.” Before joining battle the King of Judah takes a commanding position upon Mount Ephraim, and makes an appeal to Jeroboam in the name of the house of David and in the name of the true and living God whom Jeroboam and his people had forsaken. He charges Israel with idolatry, for they had “cast out the priests of the Lord,” and had made priests for Baal worship. Abijah boasted somewhat too loudly of his orthodoxy, however; for, notwithstanding Judah's “burnt-sacrifices and sweet incense,” the show-bread, the golden candlesticks, and the ordained priests and Levites who waited “upon their business” in the most punctilious way, Judah's religion had lost very much of its soul and life, even though the outer shell of ceremonialism had not been torn away as in Jeroboam's realm. Abijah's address seems to have been effectual, nevertheless. His troops were hurried to the highest courage; and in the grapple of the two armies of the divided nation, Judah broke the chain of ambush which Jeroboam had thrown round his foe, and conquered an army of twice its own magnitude; because, says the sacred narrative, “they relied upon the Lord God of their fathers.”

## EXPOSITORY.

Asa, the son of Abijah, came to the throne of Judah, about the year 955, and reigned forty-one years, to 914 B. C. He is supposed to have been a grandson of Manasse, who is understood to have been a granddaughter of Absalom. He came to the throne while very young, and his mother—according to some, his grandmother—administered the affairs of government until he attained his majority. The land was quiet for ten years during his reign. The tremendous contest of his father's reign, and the peace established thereby, were a good preparation for the reign of a reformer. Abijah had little religion himself; but he made ready for one who had a higher sense of true piety, and the kingdom was in exactly the condition to receive the impress of the moulding hand of a righteous sovereign. His administration was good and right, not in the eyes of courtiers, flatterers, office-seekers and political managers, but in the eyes of God. Integrity, morality, religion governed the ruler. He reigned for righteousness. He felt responsible to Jehovah for the religious life of his people. His political discernment was clear enough to see that except true religion filled the heart of the nation, his sovereignty was most unstable.

He was an “idol-smasher.” No toleration for any of the rites or symbols of heathen worship was allowed. There is infinite danger in a compromising attitude towards sin. His father was a compromiser. Compromise was the sin of Jeroboam, which brought a long train of disasters to the kingdom of Israel. The gods, the images, the altars and groves, which had been allowed to have a place by the side of the temple worship, were now abolished by the unsparing hand of Asa. Externism must be the watchword as good men move against crime of all sorts. Christ cleansing His temple, scourge in hand, is the Exemplar. Not only from Jerusalem, the chief city of the kingdom, but out of all the cities of Judah, he swept the symbols of paganism. He issued his royal edicts to the people, that they should return to Jehovah, for He was their God, and the God of their fathers. Abijah had appealed to Jehovah in the hour of battle, and gained a great victory. Asa now felt no less a dependence upon Jehovah in the time of peace; and to Him the king reverently pointed his kingdom. He showed his wisdom also as a sovereign, by using the opportunities of peace to strengthen his dominions against his foes. He was not made lax and luxurious by the blessings of peace and plenty. A kingdom, like a man, must always be about some hard work, or idleness soon enervates. A vigorous life can only be kept up by the accomplishing of great tasks. Not so much muscular Christianity as Christian muscularity, is needed nowadays to save the Faith. Persecutions are past. Christendom is at peace. But is she at work? Does Asa's example find a counterpart in the earthly kingdom of our Lord? Are all the borders strengthening for the stern days of the future?

They built and prospered, while peace reigned and Jehovah blessed. There is no real prosperity without God's sanction and favor. There are some bubbles blown which look large and brilliant sometimes, but they burst into impalpable mist because the “breath of the Lord” is not in them. During the years of peace, after the wars of Abijah, the army of Judah became enormous—five hundred and eighty thousand men of might and valor, almost evenly divided into archers and spearmen. The archers carried, besides their bows, shield and sword for close fighting. The spearmen, who fought

with javelins, had “targets with the dagger in the centre.”

In the eleventh year of his reign Asa had occasion to muster all his army. The war which summoned him to the field, came from the Cushite king Zerah, who penetrated with an army of a million men and three hundred chariots, from Arabia, or from the south of Egypt, into the borders of the land of Judah—to the vale of Zephathab.

Asa cried unto the Lord, and his prayer meant something, for his life had been genuine and pious. The most effective momentum to a prayer is that which a solid, consistent life of faith imparts. Mere shouting into the divine ear may not carry the petition higher than the church tower. The king was not dismayed by the immensity of the Cushite army. He remembered the story of many of the old battles—how God had delivered a handful of His people from a great host of enemies. Numbers did not signify with the Al-mighty. One could chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight, if Jehovah was an ally. His prayer is full of trust. There is no glorifying of his armies. They were probably well disciplined and equipped. But Asa knew there was a Power mightier than that of brass and steel; to this he appealed in earnest entreaty. We read on Thee—cried the king, speaking for every soldier in his regiments. Determined to press the battle with utmost force, he yet cast the destiny of the Lord and kingdom into the hands of the Lord God of hosts. The best men make the best soldiers. An army that puts Jehovah's name on its banners, and kneels before its fights, carries the battle-field where history is made. Asa put himself into divine relations as king, and could say with perfect right—“Let not man prevail against Thee.”

## PRACTICAL.

1. A conquered peace is the most lasting. Every Christian heart knows this. Peace that comes when rebellion has been subdued, temptations conquered, idols broken, is the peace that filled the angel's song, and will yet fill the earth as it does the highest heaven.

2. If Christians are not struggling with some foe that requires every ounce of strength, they must be at work, or peace will mean idleness, which is exceedingly vulnerable to the “fiery darts of the wicked.”

3. Prayers to be effectual must precede, accompany and succeed a steady, unflinching life of piety.

## LESSONS FOR YOUNGER CLASSES.

BY HELEN CHASE STEELE.

## ASA FAITHFUL TO HIS GOD.

King Rehoboam died, and was buried in Jerusalem. His son was king for three years. When he died good King Asa began to reign. He was a better man than his grandfather Rehoboam had been. “He did that which was good and right in the eyes of the Lord;” for he told the people they must worship the true God; he cut down the groves where they worshipped other gods, took away their altars, and broke their idols in pieces.

There were no wars in the land, and the king thought it was a good time to prepare to meet enemies when they should come. So he built great cities, with walls and towers to protect them; he also raised a great army of brave men. For ten years God gave him peace and prosperity.

Then a king from the south came against him with an army twice as large as his. But before he went to the battle King Asa prayed to God, and said: “Lord, it is nothing with Thee to help, whether with many or with them that have no power.” 2 Chron. xiv, 2.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Who was the second king of Judah?
2. How long did he reign?
3. Who was the third king?
4. What does the Bible tell us of King Asa?
5. What good thing did Asa do?
6. How long was there peace in the land?
7. How did King Asa prepare for war?
8. Who came to fight against Judah?
9. How large was his army?
10. What did Asa do before he went into battle?
11. Repeat his prayer.
12. How did God answer his prayer?
13. What does God say to all His children?

Ans. “Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee.” Psa. l, 15.

## WEEK-DAY THOUGHT.

God can deliver us all, young and old, from every trouble.

## “TELL JESUS.”

Little ones are often sorry  
For the naughty things they do;  
Trouble hearts us all, and worry  
Little heads and big ones, too.  
Tell Jesus!  
That's the best thing we can do.  
Let us tell Him all our trouble;  
Tell Him we are sorry, too;  
He will do us kindness double,  
Help us to be good and true.  
Tell Jesus!  
That's the best thing we can do.  
We will tell it all to Jesus,  
All our wants and all our woes;

None but Jesus can relieve us,  
None but Jesus loves us so.  
Tell Jesus!

That's the best thing we can do.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

The great commercial metropolis is enjoying a series of novel sensations, and enjoying them so much that the experience is likely to be protracted. What is more important than mere enjoyment, is the benefit that must certainly accrue to the moral health of the citizens.

The liquor interest is thoroughly agitated by the attempt—more or less sincere—of the civic authorities to enforce the excise laws. Dr. Crosby is exerting a salutary influence on those time-serving dignitaries, and is undoubtedly doing great good—though very far from being a total abstainer in principle or practice. The liquor manufacturers and liquor dealers boast over the appalling fact that one thousand million dollars are expended annually in the United States for intoxicating drinks, and that their accursed trade pays one hundred million dollars into the national treasury for the privilege of poisoning and impoverishing the entire people. There is not the slightest reason to doubt the accuracy of their statistical statements, except in so far as they fall short of the actual truth.

New York and other cities in the Hudson River valley are covered with corroding, offensive ulcers in the form of liquor shops. There is one for every hundred inhabitants. Of these inhabitants, not more than fifty per cent. are directly preyed upon by the hideous sores, so that fifty people, on the average, really support each rumshop. How much of misery, sin, and shame is inflicted on the innumerable fifties, no pen can adequately describe. Their wages are principally expended in tobacco and intoxicating drinks. Livelihood is of hand-to-mouth description. When commercial revolutions and financial panics come, they are stripped of all resources, and thrown on the charities of the sober tax-payers, already overburdened with impostures occasioned by other results of the drink habit.

## SAVINGS BANKS.

Improvidence, in the laboring classes, has received terrible stimulus from the failure of many savings institutions, often gotten up by shrewd, supercilious scoundrels to rob the industrious of their earnings, and to deprive widows and orphans of the means of meagre subsistence. State and city officials have too often been in collusion with the original offenders, and by direct or indirect connivances, enabled them to effect their nefarious designs. Justice does not always slumber, and when, with scorpion poison, she does chastise transgressors, it is always with public applause. One of them is now in jail, and others will doubtless follow, unless able to supply funds to make good the defalcations due to their roguery. The poor fail to see any great benefit in institutions whose managers make off with their deposits, and think they may as well enjoy what their moneys will command as see them stolen by those in whose honesty they have confided.

The great good to grow out of the present evil, will be government savings banks, which cannot fail, and which will benefit depositors by certainty of security, and the general public by decreased charges on the national debt. Not only that, but in the nature of things they will be strong links in an additional bond of national unity.

## LIFE INSURANCE SOCIETIES.

Akin to the unprincipled and reckless conduct of savings banks, has been the management of life insurance societies. The president of the “Security” is now in the security of a public prison, and ought to stay there for his allotted term of five years—it not for his own benefit, at least for that of the general public. Dr. Lambert, president of the “American Popular Life,” is now under trial for perjury, and despite the special pleading of counsel versed in the quibbles of the law, may be convicted; and if so will doubtless have received his sentence before these lines can appear in print. No company has inflicted greater injury on working men, or been conducted with more desperate defiance of truth, honesty, and all sound business principles. Preying on the virtues of a community as rascals do, is little, if any, worse than preying on the virtues of a people as is the fashion with some savings banks' officials, and managers of life insurance companies. The deluge of papers and lamp-black that accompanied the civil war, and that millions mistook for money—whereas in reality it consisted of the nation's notes of hand and evidences of indebtedness, and nothing more—may palliate the extravagances of public men, but cannot extenuate their departure from truth and honesty. The age of compromise with felony and condonation of crime is drawing to a close, and none too soon for the welfare of all classes.

## RAILROADS.

But one thing is more infamous than the two classes of offense indicated, and that is the management of our railroads. The recital of one instance will give adequate idea of many. Several public men—bank presidents, railroad presidents and promoters—determine to construct a road between two given points. The lodgment of one per cent. in bank, of the estimated

cost of construction, together with some simple formalities, entitle the projectors to a charter. Subscriptions to the capital stock from towns, cities, and individuals are invited. Corporations and counties are induced to bond themselves, and to pay their subscriptions in bonds, to the company, whose officials, of course, are the projectors, and whose individual subscriptions may or may not have been paid. Probably they are paid in personal services, whose value is decided by themselves. First-mortgage bonds are next issued by the company and paid to contractors at about seventy-five cents on the dollar, or sold to the public by brokers at eighty-five.

The work goes bravely on, while the sale of town and county bonds and first mortgage bonds lasts. The demand ceases, with unsold bonds on hand. Nothing discouraged, a series of second-mortgage bonds is issued and sold for what it will fetch. The road is finished, the rolling stock put on, and business is begun. But have the managers completed their design? Not quite. The design is, to get possession of the road. Contracts exceedingly lucrative to themselves, but exceedingly injurious to the stock and bondholders, are made. The receipts of the road do not meet its running expenses. The coupons of mortgage bonds are not paid, and dividends to stockholders are postponed to the millennium. Next, the road is put into the hands of a receiver—a creature generally of the old projectors. He takes good care to run it into debt, and to issue certificates of indebtedness which take precedence as liens on the road, of the mortgage bonds. Years pass, and debt piles up. The bondholders who have foreclosed their mortgage, are asked to subscribe liberally to pay off the State and local taxes, the legal fees, and also the receiver's certificates. At the same time they are coolly assured that the road is worthless—that it cannot pay and never will pay working expenses. “What is the use of throwing good money after bad?” they ask, and decide to sacrifice the whole. On the day of sale, the bondholders are absent, but the shrewd old projectors and managers are present, and buy the road for the amount of the floating debt—for less, far less, than the cost of a single bridge on the road.

Do they believe that it will not pay to run that road? Not quite. “It is ours now,” they add, and proceed to make it one of the best paying investments imaginable. This is smart—very smart; but as some one has said, “If the American people do not break the neck of such smartness, it will break the neck of the American people.” We rather opine that Yankeeism will be sensible enough to break the neck of that peculiar smartness, and to send its exponents to renege on the mutability of earthly affairs in the cells of a State prison.

## NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY.

Trust companies are also sick of the same deadly virus, or rather one of them is. Investigation of the affairs of the National Trust Company reveals the fact, that one of its directors and a member of the finance committee, wished to effect a loan from it on notes secured by bonds of the Wallkill Valley Railroad, said bonds being the unsold property of the railroad company. But the law under which this trust company was organized prohibiting loans to any of the directors, the man put the bonds into the hands of his son, to the amount of \$100,000, and instructed him to apply for a loan of \$80,000 on them. This was in 1873. The application came before the finance committee, of which the father was a member, and through his influence proved successful. Thus \$80,000 were secured by him on bonds that, it is alleged, were never his property, but the property of the railroad company. The note, or notes, not being paid at maturity, the bonds were sold by the National Trust Company to their janitor, at 75—themselves loaning him the money to make the purchase. The loan to the director still stands on the books of the Trust Company as secured by these bonds. The real borrower himself was formerly president of the Erie Railroad, and is a man of notoriously immoral character.

“There is something rotten in the State of Denmark,” when jugglery, fraud and corruption such as are now coming to light, can escape unwhipped of justice. They have made the very name of some American railroad securities to stink in the nostrils of foreign and native investors. They are deadly assaults on the nation's life.

But what has religious journalism to do with such carnal affairs? Everything. It is the exponent of the only forces that can render them infrequent, and even impossible, in the future. It is the representative of that holy religion—the religion of Christ—that is designed by its Founder to issue in something better than gush or sensationalism—even in the manliest, love-liest, godliest, and most inflexible morality.

## R. WHEATLEY.

## ONE MORE PERIL.

BY REV. E. TIRRELL.

We read with pleasure sometimes since in the HERALD, the very interesting papers of Brother Scott on the itinerancy. In these papers the conditions and perils of the system are, we think, very clearly and fairly set forth. Of the latter, Brother Scott enumerates four as actually existing, and one as possible. The last peril, which he justly regards as highly improbable, is

“the abuse of official powers and prerogatives.” We heartily subscribe to his tribute to the piety, consecration, and devotion of the present incumbents of the episcopal office, and their associates, the Presiding Elders, and echo his wish, “Long may our Church be blessed with a succession of such men in high official stations, and long may she continue to esteem and love them for their works' sake!”

But while we have to reason to apprehend the abuse of official power in the direction indicated, we have apprehensions of a different character. We do apprehend that, under the operation of the four causes enumerated, together with other influences brought to bear upon them, those in whom the appointing power is now vested may be led to make concessions which will imperil the whole itinerant system.

Not long since, we were told by a leading member of a Church, which for ten years past had had the reputation of making its own appointments, that in conversation with one of our Bishops the following language was substantially used by the latter: It is perfectly right for Churches and ministers to make their arrangements for appointments, between the sessions of the Conferences. The work of the Bishops is simply to make the appointments which cannot thus be arranged by the preachers and the Churches. Their work is for emergencies—to adjust the appointments which cannot be, or have not been, otherwise provided for.

We have understood from conversation with the students at the Seminary in Boston, that similar statements were made before them.

Now, as all readers of our Church papers are aware, it has been frequently stated in print that the practical working of the itinerancy has been in accordance with the statements of the Bishop; namely, the Bishop sanctioning the arrangements already made. But this has been contradicted. Other views have been and are still held; such as, that this episcopal ratification was confined to the larger appointments, while the middle and smaller appointments were made in the cabinet. But if the former be modern Methodism, or the modern theory of the itinerancy, if the Bishops of our Church have been influenced to make such concessions to the ministry and the Churches, and one Bishop has been candid enough to avow that fact, we submit that here we have the greatest of all the perils to the itinerancy. Against such a system we plead for Methodism; for an untrammelled episcopacy, an unbiased cabinet. We have no fault to find with our Bishops. It would be unbecoming in us to assume to criticise them. They can in no wise be blamed for the state of things which now exists. It has been brought about by selfishness and mistaken zeal.

There have never been wanting, both among the clergy and laity, men who have declaimed loudly against the “popes” of our Church, the “tyranny of our system.” Such a system, they say, is “incompatible with the spirit of republican institutions.” They believe in democracy. “The people ought to have a voice in the appointments,” they declare. We must beware of “concentration or centralization of power,” they earnestly contend.

The Presiding Elder question, as it came before the General Conference, was made by many to involve simply an issue between those who wished to concentrate, and those who wished to diffuse, power. Those who resisted the change were supposed to favor the centralization, and those who advocated it, the diffusion of power. In our judgment this was a decided misapprehension of the matter. But, as applied to the itinerancy, we believe in the centralization of power. The episcopacy is based upon the principle of the centralization of power. It is absolutely necessary to this form of government. And we believe this to be the best form of government in existence.

And, indeed, everybody believes in the centralization of power. In the stormy days of the war, every true patriot rejoiced in the power under which Abraham Lincoln emancipated the slaves. And the country rejoices in the fact that President Hayes, against the power and policy of the scheming politicians, assumes to carry out his policy of reform and pacification. The Methodist Church was established on the principle of the concentration of power in the hands of a few good men. This is the philosophy of the Quarterly Conference, and this is the philosophy of the General Superintendency.

A thoughtful Congregationalist minister said to a brother Methodist: “Our system looks splendidly on paper, but it doesn't work at all; while your system looks awfully on paper, but it works like a charm.” Our system has worked well throughout the history of the Church, where it has been worked on the Methodist basis. We protest against the changes which have been made. We contend for the absolute power of the Bishops to make the appointments of all the preachers. We protest against this mongrel thing—this Congregationalist episcopacy. Every Methodist minister should be willing to submit his appointment to the constituted authority, without claim or suggestion. And the Bishops should assume the appointing power, and exercise it. Anything short of this is not Methodism.

One of the most mortifying spectacles ever presented in the history of annual Conferences, was the refusal of the Providence Conference, at its last

annual session, to adopt the report of a committee on Conference Relations and Supplies. That report was based upon the principles which theoretically have controlled ministerial appointments since we became a Church in America, namely, that preachers have rights and Churches have rights, which rights are mutually surrendered to a third party for the general good. Every resolution in the report was in harmony with these principles, and yet a majority of the preachers refused to adopt this report. A majority of the preachers said, substantially: “We will not surrender our appointments to the appointing power.”

Now, then, we ask, how long can this state of things continue? Under the present unsettled condition of things a large and respectable minority of preachers, loyal to Methodism as it was, would feel it to be a process of self-stultification to engage in the business of bargaining and arranging for their appointments. But if this is the new order of things, recognized and promulgated by the highest authority in the Church, then the Discipline should be so modified as to meet the new order. If the confidence of the local ministry in the appointing power is lost, then the catastrophe is already launched, and we are landed in stark Congregationalism; from which even the Lord will not deliver us.

God is never so far off  
As even to be near;  
He is within; our spirit is  
The home He holds most dear.  
To think of Him as by our side,  
Is almost as untrue  
As to remove His throne beyond  
Those skies of starry blue.  
So all the while I thought myself  
Homeless, forlorn, and weary,  
Mistaken joy, I walked the earth,  
Myself God's sanctuary.

Faber.

## Our Book Table.

CYPRUS: ITS ANCIENT CITIES, TOMBS, AND TEMPLES. A Narrative of Researches and Excavations During Ten Years' Residence in that Island, by General Louis Palma Di Censola, with Maps and Illustrations. 8vo. 456 pp. Boston: For sale by Lee & Shepard.

The remarkable collections of Gen. Censola have been the study of scholars and the wonder of curious observers for the several years that they have been on exhibition. These extraordinary, long-hidden treasures are now open for examination, as the property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York city, its generous owner refusing many larger offers for its removal. In order that it might become the property of the country of which he is proud to call himself a citizen. This elegant volume gives a full record of his half-score years of indefatigable digging and searching on this ancient and once populous and important island of Cyprus; of the sites of cities and towns; his identification of historical scenes; of the remains of art, architecture, ornamental and household implements, and personal ornaments, which he brought to light after ages of burial. Profuse and admirable illustrations are given. Mr. A. S. Murray, of the British Museum, adds a valuable chapter on the history of Cyprus; and Mr. J. Taylor Johnson gives a catalogue of the curiosities now deposited in the Metropolitan Museum. It is a rich and valuable volume, attractive as an exhibition of the highest topographical art, and full of curious and intensely interesting personal incidents and historical researches. It will form one of the very valuable holiday gifts of the season to such as may appreciate its rare records.

W. H. Thompson & Co. are the publishers, in Boston, at No. 235 Washington Street, of about the best family edition of PILGRIM'S PROGRESS that we have seen. It makes an octavo, very handsomely executed, of 440 pp. It is abundantly illustrated with very fair cuts. It has a very interesting introductory memoir of John Bunyan by Dr. George B. Cheever, of whose name, on the title page, the B., for Barrell, is, by a singular mistake, omitted. Dr. Cheever's published Lectures upon Pilgrim's Progress are far the best comments ever written upon the wonderful dream. The volume is a handsome one, worthy of the family library, and it is sold only by subscription.

D. Lohrop & Co. publish an attractive volume in brilliant red and gilt binding, entitled, POETS' HOMES: Pen and Pencil Sketches of American Poets and their Homes, by R. H. Stoddard and others. It forms a small, stout quarto of 286 pp., and gives sketches, with portraits or pictures of homes, libraries, etc., of Longfellow, Whittier, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, J. T. Trowbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Platt, Edgar Fawcett, James Russell Lowell, Bayard Taylor, W. D. Howells, Richard Henry Dana, Richard Henry Stoddard, Mrs. Spofford, Miss Prescott, Mrs. Celia Thaxter, Edmund C. Stedman and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. It is very pleasant to peep into the homes, to look upon these familiar writers in their study, and learn the characteristic habits and daily lives of the popular leaders in our modern literature. The book is a handsome one, and will be a favorite holiday gift.

William F. Gill & Co., Boston, have collected and published, in a handsome, illustrated quarto, entitled, POEMS OF THE OLD SOUTH: The Poetic Contributions of Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Julia Ward Howe, Edward Everett Hale, and James Freeman Clarke, which were read by their authors for the benefit of the Old South fund. The poems are attractive and valuable in themselves, and all the more interesting for the associations with which they are invested. The illustrations are not fresh, but are appropriate, and add to the holiday attractions of the volume.

MEMOIR OF THOMAS WHITTEMORE, D.D., by J. J. Adams, D.D. Boston: Universalist Publishing House. 12mo, 300 pages, price \$1.75. This is the life of the strongest and most influential of the early Universalists of New England. As a minister, the editor of his chief organ, a ready debater, and a man of remarkable business abilities, for forty years he stood among the most conspicuous representatives of the denomination. The fine steel engraving gives a good idea of the hard-headed, quick-witted, decided and able man that he was during his mature years. The life is well-written. It is largely devoted to a record of his services, to a collection of his chief editorial labors, and reviews, and to the denominational history of the times in which he lived and labored. It is the picture of a warm friend, and a record of events from the standpoint of a hearty believer in Universalism. In Methodist biographies we find very different interpretations of the discussions of Mr. Whittemore with Orange Scott, Dr. Wilbur Flax and Father Merrill. But

every cock may crow, to his heart's content, upon his own dunghill. The volume is interesting and valuable, as presenting the positions of the Universalist Church during this period, and as the record of the personal history of one of its chief apostles. We knew Mr. Whittemore well in his last years. He was then largely devoted to secular business, a man of great energy, of convivial tendencies, masculine of intellect, and confident in his own opinions. He spoke out fearlessly in the anti-slavery controversy, and denounced, in Faneuil Hall, with wholesome indignation, the Fugitive Slave Law. He could not have desired a more reverent biographer, and the denomination will heartily appreciate the monument Dr. Adams has reared to the memory of one of its founders.

James R. Osgood & Co. have published an illustrated edition of that happy little volume of last year, which made, at once, its author's literary fortune—ONE SUMMER. It is now issued as a 16mo of 290 pp., and is finely illustrated by Augustus Hoppin. It opens with the memorable umbrella scene, graphically pictured, and has forty other small or full-page cuts. The book is elegantly published, and will have a fresh and wide holiday life—and well deserves it.

From the same house, in their Autobiographical series, we have MEMOIRS OF EDWARD GIBSON, ESQ. The capital biographical sketch of Gibson, given in the January Atlantic, forms a fine and satisfactory introduction to Gibson's elaborate and sonorous record of his own life and work. The volume is a very entertaining one, fully preserving the interest of the new series of biographical sketches. The historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, with all his personal vanity, and conceit of his own opinion, has a claim upon our remembrance and gratitude for the full and elegant pages he has written, despite his false conceptions of the nature and influence of Christianity.

Sheldon & Co., New York, publish the tenth series of sermons by Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon. The present volume, which is a duodecimo of 424 pages, is entitled, THE MATCHLESS MYSTERY, AND OTHER SERMONS. It contains twenty sermons, selected from a list of one hundred and fifty published since the last American volume was issued. They are all full of the marrow of the Gospel, practical, pointed, and often eloquent. The volume is edited by Rev. John Stanford Holme, who has prepared, and appended to this volume, a full index of the whole fourteen volumes of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, which have been published in this country. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

From the latter house we have GOOD OLD TIMES, by Rev. Elijah Kellogg. The author declares these interesting and familiar recitals of country life a century ago to be real incidents, illustrating the actual “hardships for a Homestead,” on the part of a struggling grandfather, in the unfriendly soil of New England. It is a good book for the young people of these days to read.

SOMETHING BETTER, published by Lee & Shepard, is indeed an improvement upon preceding issues of “That Husband of Mine,” etc. It is a story of temptation, fall, kindly and manly aid, and final recovery, full of pathetic and striking incidents, and wholesome in its lessons.

BOUND IN HONOR, or, A Harvest of Wild Oats, by J. T. Trowbridge. Lee & Shepard. 16mo. 328 pp., price \$1.00. We have here a lively and well-written story, as are all of its author's. It recounts the mischievous pranks of a set of youngsters, and the harvest of their wild oats. It comes out better than might be expected, or than is usually the case.

From the same house we have a collection of the amusing and popular “Piggin Dutch” poems of Mr. Charles Folger Adams. The volume, a duodecimo of 147 pp., bears the title of the most noted of the list, LITTLE LADY OF MINE. It has in it, Dot Buby of Mine, Dot Buby of Mine, and some thirty other pieces of unique merit, but all showing a fresh vein of fine humor, and no little genius for poetic caricature, although cultivated in the rare leisure of mercantile business.

Harper & Brothers issue, in holiday garb, THE ART OF BEAUTY, by Mrs. H. R. Haweis, illustrated by the author. The chapters of this entertaining volume were first published in St. Nicholas, and they treat of beauty of dress, of head-dresses, beauty of surroundings—furniture, colors, etc.—and grace in girls. It is profusely and quaintly illustrated, with pictures of ancient and modern dresses, in good taste, in bad taste, uncouth, immodest, and graceful and graceful. The book is full of admirable suggestions, and is printed upon elegant paper.

Baker, Pratt & Co., New York, publish from English plates, LILLIPUT LAND; or, Peep-show for the Young. Quarto, 384 pages, crowded with illustrations, ornamented covers, price \$1.00. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co. This attractive volume for little fellows is a year's numbers of an English juvenile magazine, full of pleasant stories and hundreds of pictures.

B. B. Russell, 55 Cornhill, publishes, in a stout pamphlet, THE HISTORY OF THE OLD SOUTH MEETING-HOUSE, by Everett W. Burdett, with Longfellow's Poem. It is well prepared, and gives an exhaustive record of the building, its history, its surroundings, and the characteristic habits and daily lives of the popular leaders in our modern literature. The book is a handsome one, and will be a favorite holiday gift.

From the same house we have, in their Half Hour series, the admirable sketch, OF FREDERICK THE GREAT, by Lord Macaulay. Price 25 cents.

A. S. Barnes & Co. publish an excellent historical text-book. It is entitled, STUDENT'S TOPICAL HISTORY CHART, arranged with spaces for summary, that pupils may prepare and review their own chart in connection with the study of any history, by Miss F. Whitcomb, Principal of Young Ladies' Seminary, Brooklyn, N. Y. Price \$2.00. For sale by Nichols & Hall, Boston. The plan is admirable, and the work is well arranged. It will afford a fine literature examination and test of a pupil's historical knowledge, and become, when filled out, an invaluable manual to him.

NEW MUSIC. From Oliver Ditson & Co.: Instrumental—Capriccio Brillante for piano, by H. M. Dunham; The Bride's Song, Op. 45, arr. for two performers, by Adolf Schuler; Song of the Water Nymph, by C. Jensen; Song of the Wind, by C. Jensen; You at the Window, words by Geo. Cooper, music by C. M. Pyke; Hymn to the Night, sacred song, composed by Ch. Gounod; My Love is Far Away, part song, by Geo. L. Osgood.

From F. W. Helmick, 50 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, O.: Santa Claus will Come Tonight, song and chorus, words by Sam'l N. Mitchell, music by Chas. Edw. Prior.

## HOLIDAYS AT THE

The best thing about issuing of gift books. We festive, these ornaments year, the Thanksgiving tables blossom into a rest of the year gives no day book-keepers about which the previous prophecy. For all ages babyhood to gray hairs—fire. Though a little late, mas-tide, they are still Twelfth Night, and they happen all the year.

Among those that ant eyes, to begin with Lee and Shepard's reg children: Emily Fabius, Leedle Yawcob Strauss, and Mother Goose in Sil Madame Goose combine and familiarity of setting been more deliciously seen in these fine pictures. We are not surprised that they cause help in the even, the tailless fox leeching brothers, is unsurpassed two frogs “who would countryman and snark turned by wile and an mountain, rumbling evil- ing visibly, from the back of a mouse is creeping, for wisdom and fun to Twenty-five hundred year men of all ages, from five “age does not wither infinite variety.” This best, Mother Goose is ally and charming as e imps make her fun mor for satire are some of the







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## The Family.

## WORTHLEY BROOK SKETCHES.

BY REV. R. F. TEFIT, D. D.

## THIRD PAPER.

Once more, reader, we sit in our quiet room on the banks of Worthley Brook. The green carpet of a few weeks ago is replaced by a beautiful covering of snow. The snow at this very moment is, in fact, falling fast upon the broad fields around; and the merry sleigh-bells send forth their cheerful music, while we ponder upon the sad yet pleasing recollections of the long ago.

We remember the scene, the people, and the events of the place for almost half a century. We look back over the past, and call up, among other things, the names of the living and the dead, whose lives were devoted to the ministerial work. Without the aid of book, or of any record, we can restore, by memory alone, the entire roster of those brave souls, who, connected with this country parish by birth or marriage, went forth from this rural neighborhood to preach the Gospel as it is in Jesus; and the list must be looked upon as remarkable, if not without a parallel within the limits of our Church, when we consider the size of the small circuit out of which it comes.

Besides the honored name of Professor Merritt Caldwell, of blessed memory, who devoted his life to teaching, and the names of Rev. A. Dinmore and of Rev. Daniel Green, who were not of our denomination but who hailed from this little neighborhood, memory gives back to us a long line of names, all of which are certainly respectable, and many of them illustrious in the annals of our Church.

Beginning with the year 1829, not yet fifty years ago, and not going beyond the narrow limits of this one country circuit of not over two hundred Church members, our ministerial roster reads as follows: William F. Farrington, Isaac Downing, Moses Davis, Moses Rollins, William C. Larabee, Charles P. Bragdon, Levi S. Stockman, B. F. Tefit, John W. Dunn, E. A. Stockman, Stephen M. Vail, C. C. Covell, Charles H. Titus, Joseph Turner, Jesse Hayes, Joshua A. Tobey, H. B. Ridgway, E. S. Best, N. C. Clifford, Elbridge G. Dunn, Isaac S. Cushman, John A. Strout, Irving Cummings, Melville Cummings, and M. C. Pendexter, all of whom stand connected by birth or marriage with this little parish.

Every one will say: "Well done, Worthley Brook!" And some will be inclined to learn something more of this ministerial list. But in giving some notices of their individual lives and labors, we are admonished of the necessity of being brief. Having noticed the manner of the sportsmen, who hunt the stream before us, we begin with the latest, and follow the course of things upward to the fountain-head of nearly fifty years ago, as we can in this way the more readily pick up the golden links of the long chain, which memory has forged for our present and future use.

Reading the list backward, therefore, we find, first, the name of Rev. Merritt Caldwell Pendexter, who entered the ministry in 1877, and is now at Naples, in the State of Maine. This young man is a nephew of Mrs. Merritt Caldwell; he has good blood in his veins; his education is good; and his ministerial work opens with a fair prospect.

The two brothers—Irving and Melville Cummings—were the sons of that excellent layman, Amos Cummings, esq., of Poland Corner. We cannot give their history. But if they followed in the footsteps of their sainted parents, their work will be good, and their reward glorious.

Rev. John Albion Strout is the son of Joseph Strout, esq., of this parish. He was a good boy from his earliest childhood. His English education is good; and his gifts as a speaker are quite excellent. He is now preaching at Woodford's Corner, near Portland. He has his mark. The best of it is, his acquaintances always respect and love him.

In early life, Rev. Dr. Isaac S. Cushman received a thorough education. He was the son of Samuel Cushman, esq., a distinguished citizen of this place; and he was a brother of Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Vail, Mrs. Bragdon and Mrs. Pendexter. He first studied and practiced medicine; then he entered the ministry within the bounds of the New England Conference; and in that work he died, but in what year we cannot now remember. His career was somewhat remarkable; and we regret that we cannot more fully state it.

Next in the list comes the name of Rev. Elbridge G. Dunn, who entered the ministry in 1853, and died in 1858. But his work was excellent, and he left the savor of a good name behind him.

Rev. N. C. Clifford married the daughter of Honorable Josiah Dunn, for many years high sheriff of Cumberland county, and father of Reuben B. Dunn, esq., so well known as a business man and benefactor to the Church. The father and mother of Mrs. Clifford were Universalists; and in early life she had much difficulty in becoming a Methodist. But, in spite of all obstacles, she persevered; and the end was, she married Mr. Clifford and entered the itinerant connection. Her husband was worthy of her; he has proved himself, though in delicate health, a true evangelist, sure to gain the esteem of all with whom he comes in contact. He joined the Conference in 1847 and is still hard at work.

Of the Rev. E. S. Best, now a member of the New England Conference, we need

say but little, as he is well known as a minister and writer, his occasional articles in the Church papers being generally read. We believe he is of Scotch descent. He married his wife in this neighborhood. She was the daughter of Mr. Roswell Farham, of Bald Hill, within the limits of this parish. Her mother was the daughter of Samuel Cushman, esq., who has been already mentioned; and she was one of that distinguished quiverette of sisters, at the head of which still stands the ladylike Rosamond, widow of Professor Caldwell. To say that Mr. Best is doing his best, is as much as can be said of any man.

Here, then, are no less than eight of the twenty-five Methodist preachers holding their connections with this little country circuit. They are the youngest of the list. Whatever may be their natural abilities, whatever their education, whatever their promise for the future, time has not yet given them the opportunity to make such a mark upon their generation as has been afforded to the older members of this ministerial catalogue. But they well deserved the record here made of their beginnings. Some future annalist may have the chance to celebrate their more flattering deeds of their more finished career. What we have yet to say of their better known predecessors—whose names remain before us for coming papers—may be prompted to say of them, when their work is ended. They have already filled this section of our country with the report of their successful labors. We next proceed to that portion of our list that has time to make for itself a national reputation.

## THE HILLS OF GOD.

"Thou like a narrow valley land,  
This earthly way of mine;  
Before me, clad in glory grand,  
I see the hills divine—  
Thou hast the saints long have trod—  
The hills of hope, the Hills of God!"

Thou hills of doubt enfold me in,  
Thou hills of grief and pain,  
Thou hills of sorrow and of tears,  
Thou hills of hope and gain,  
Thou hills of God—my help is there!  
—The Examiner.

## HOW WE CANDIDATED.

BY W. C. N.

Our first pastor went in and out before us for nineteen consecutive years. He was a good man and a fair sermon-writer. He conscientiously visited his people. His wife was a model woman, and his children were few. During these nineteen years our Church-membership, less than two score at first, was quadrupled in numbers; our children were well indoctrinated; and our stated meetings were fairly attended. Our aid societies, annual fairs and other pecuniary means of grace were profitably, though not wickedly, conducted. We had no great time of ingathering, but a steady increase in numbers.

Why, then, did we change? The tendency of a long pastorate is, without question, to render the minister autocratic in no small degree. Our good pastor was no exception to this tendency. His prime ministers (the deacons and Sunday-school superintendent) were allowed little voice in the management of affairs, and contemplated modern improvements were regarded as dangerous innovations upon time-honored customs. A misunderstanding arose, and in a fit of righteous indignation (as he accounted it) our minister resigned.

We were left without a shepherd, but went not astray; so far from it that we began to call loudly upon other folds to send us a leader for our flock. Meanwhile we doubled the salary; put an addition, with a debt upon it, into the rear of our house of worship; introduced gas, and bought a new organ. In a few weeks the man was found who was to draw the house that was to pay for the improvements. He was with us three years, and away he went to a larger salary and probably a larger debt. He did what he could for us, but he could not work miracles.

Then we began to candidate. We had Brown, but the Church was too blue for him; we had Smith, but he was too tame; we had Jones, but he was too energetic. We hired the pastor of a neighboring Church that had not the same Sabbath as we, and we were profited by his excellent preaching; but he could not baptize our children, nor sit with us at the Lord's table. We tried a retired clergyman whose residence was twenty miles away, but he could do no pastoral work among us.

A noted revivalist coming to town, followed closely by some Presbyterian perfectionists (who preached self-denial and practiced wearing diamond studs and India shawls), we attended union meetings till all the Churches in our village were by the ears in the strife over newly-made converts, and until the pastor of a certain congregation told his members, in a crowded promiscuous assemblage, "that harlots and publicans would enter into the kingdom of heaven before any of his people, so wicked and worldly had they become during the twelve years of his ministrations among them." We thought that if he had preached them out such a state it was time he left; and doubtless his parishioners thought the same, as the next day he was invited to resign.

We were glad we had no pastor to lay us under such unpleasant and wholesale condemnation, for, providing it was all true, the Gospel commands that the fault of one's brother shall be told "between thee and him alone."

Our church was situated at a famous watering-place. So during the summer we had finished and eloquent discourses from college professors and city pastors; heard excellent sermons from Methodists and Baptists, but none of these were within our reach. We conceived a passion for a young man, so we sent to Andover, and a full-fledged theological graduate came to us and read a gushing essay upon Mary and the alabaster-box—an essay that would have fitted well into the pages of the "Prince of the House of David." The first lesson of the young divine was the visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon, and his topic, which he never touched, was announced as "Sacrifices for Christ." The alabaster-box broke the spell of Andover, and we thought our difficulty was to be solved when the next candidate gave out as his text, "Where shall we find him?" This had been our agonized cry for the past two years, and we fancied we were about to receive an answer. But the speaker could not tell us, neither was he the coming man.

An honest old clergyman remarked at the outset of his second sermon, "This morning I preached as a candidate; to-night I shall preach for the glory of God." If the spiritual reflection was no greater than the temporal, the glory must indeed have been dim.

At last the great West came to our aid, and for three Sundays we had brilliant sermons from a man with a fine voice and of a commanding appearance. Had we seen him only in the pulpit, he would have been the choice of the congregation; but he offended the ladies by appearing at their houses on Monday mornings, going to their side entrances, and showing himself altogether too familiar. His want of tact and good breeding wrought him more harm than could be counterbalanced by his six really elegant sermons.

So he returned to the pastures, where doubtless his familiarity is far less a hindrance to his success than among stiff New Englanders.

Thus we called, and thus we declined to settle. We grew to have itching ears. The old members wanted a man with years as his best recommendation; the young communicants desired a youth whom they could mould at will, forgetful that the obstinacy of inexperience is by far more unmanageable than is that of manhood.

The hiring committee were besieged on Saturday to know who was to preach. If we were to have a star the seats were all filled; otherwise neighboring seats were patronized.

Ours is a purely Congregational Church. So tenaciously does it still hold to the teaching of Saint Paul, that it not only requires its "women to keep silence" in the great congregation, but is one of the half dozen Churches of its State that, in this age of progress, yet retains upon its statute book the law that only the male members shall be allowed to vote upon any question whatever. The female membership being two-thirds of the whole, and a right hand of power in pecuniary matters, this law, as in larger republics, works manifest injustice.

A singular incident in connection with its enforcement is worthy of record. During our first minister's stay it happened that a good Scotch brother presented himself at a certain Friday afternoon's preparatory lecture with his transatlantic letter and desired admission to our Church. Our pastor was in a dilemma. The old deacon was present, but not another male member. A short consultation took place between the two heads of the Church, and then followed the announcement that since the legal voters did not see fit to attend this meeting, this rule of ours shall for the present be waived, and the sisters be invited to vote upon the admission of this man. Twenty-five fair hands were raised, and the Scotchman was received, proving himself a Christian by living in peace with a termagant wife, and taking, when he afterward left our town, a letter of dismission from his brethren—a letter which they had no right to give, as he had never been a regularly admitted member.

Our candidating at length brought forth its fruits. Hearers became capricious; public and social services languished; the collector found it difficult to raise the twenty dollars weekly necessary to pay the "supply"; and like the housekeeper who is continually changing domestics, we got a bad name among the candidates themselves. A few praying (and paying) women at last took the matter into consideration. Resolving themselves into a committee of three, they went to the house of the principal committee-man and asked an audience. They stated the case, that having no voice in the matter, they were compelled to see the Church of which they were original members, languishing for the want of a stated ministry, and becoming a by-word to the world around; and they respectfully asked that this hiring of candidates be stopped, and a call given to the next Sunday's supply if he proved at all acceptable to the people.

The ladies were cordially received, thanked for their interest, and assured that their wishes should be regarded. The gentleman also assured them that he had tired of this method of procedure, but that his brethren were so indifferent with regard to the settling of a pastor, that he himself had concluded there was no desire on the part of any to have a regular minister.

The Sabbath came. The candidate preached, and during the ensuing week

the call was given and accepted. The new pastor was not a great man, but he was thoroughly good; his sermons were not brilliant but they carried conviction with them. His pastorate was a success. Shortly after his coming among us the ladies of the Church were desirous to have the restriction removed from the by-laws so that they might be allowed a voice in the management of affairs; and a resolution was actually introduced to that effect, but was withdrawn by the junior deacon without ever being put to vote.

The male members of that Church still think that they called the new pastor, and as the committee and the three ladies have kept their own secret, both deacons and people have yet to learn that they were brought to a decision by the three female members who took the matter of candidating in hand and saved the Church from schism and misrule.

## CONCEALED.

BY MISS C. B. LEROY.

"Your life is hid with Christ in God."

Hidden with Christ,—as the busy brain  
Which works unseen  
From the hour of birth to the day of death,  
Nor rests between.

Hidden with Christ,—as the body hides  
The beating heart,  
Feeling the strong, full, pulsing life  
In every part.

Hidden with Christ,—as the sap is hid  
In the growing tree,  
Giving to every leaf and bud  
Its symmetry.

Hidden with Christ,—as the seed is hid  
Under the sod;  
So with the lives concealed from men  
With Christ in God.

## THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

The Five Towers of Silence are cemeteries in Hindoostan. They are far more noted in India than the beautiful Greenwood of New York, or the lovely Mount Auburn of Boston, are in this country. These Five Towers are the burial places of a very peculiar people—the Parsees, or Fire Worshipers, a sect founded by a prophet who lived before the Moses of our Bible. They are of Persian descent, and are a rich and prosperous class of people, even though they do worship the sun, and believe that the earth represents God, and is too sacred to be their last resting place.

There are five of these strange, black granite places just outside of Bombay. They are tall columns, twelve or fifteen feet high, and forty feet wide, of solid stone, enclosing a deep well. Of course this leaves a large stone platform all around the base of the well. But I will let a traveler describe it for us:—

"Compartments, radiating like the spokes of a wheel from the well in the middle, are arranged on this platform in three rings or circles of open stone coffins. In the outermost circle are placed the bodies of men, in the middle those of women, and in the inner and smallest circle, nearest the wall, those of children."

The parapet of each tower has an extraordinary coping, formed, not of dead stone, but of living vultures. These birds, on the occasion of my visit, had settled themselves side by side in perfect order, and in a complete circle around the parapets of the towers, with their heads pointed inwards; and so lazily did they sit there, and so motionless were they, that, except for their color, they might have been carved out of the stone of the towers. Presently a sudden stir among the vultures made us raise our heads. At least a hundred birds collected round one of the towers began to show symptoms of excitement, while others swooped down from neighboring trees. The cause of this soon revealed itself. A funeral was seen to be approaching.

"You know that vultures live on the flesh of the dead, and the wonderful instinct which God has given them made them aware of the near approach of that on which they love to feed. These terrible birds have watched many a funeral as it went by, and they were not to be deceived. All Parsees, as I have told you, are buried in the Towers of Silence. When a Parsee dies the body is wrapped in a white sheet, and carried by bearers, dressed in pure white garments, to the garden, the friends follow at some distance. The bearers then unlock the door of one of the towers and lay the body, uncovered, in one of the open stone coffins, and the vultures swoop down. In about three weeks the bearers return and remove the skeleton to the well, where the bones find their last resting-place."

—Wide Awake.

## FOR THE OLD FOLKS.

## WRINKLES.

Every wrinkled, care-worn brow  
Bears the record: "Something done"—  
Sometime, some where, then or now,  
Battles lost or battles won.

Mother nature gave us faces  
Very fresh and round and fair;  
Later on her finger traces  
Lines of struggle, doubt and care.

Merit marks, I think, are sent us  
When some lesson hard we learn;  
Wealth and fame seem sometimes lent us  
But our wrinkles we must earn.

'Greatest life's current upward flowing,  
We must earn them one by one,  
Each an index, truly showing  
How much trouble the soul has done!

—Vermont Chronicle.

## PRAYER.

Prayer must be unwearied. It is a continual service that we are called to. It is a continual burnt-offering that is to be laid upon the altar, and continual incense that is to ascend up from our censers. Both because of the very nature of the service, and because of the blessings to be obtained, there must be a holding on, a persevering, a continuing instant in prayer, a praying without ceasing. Many a saint has given us a pattern of perseverance in prayer, as if their knees were always bent, and their censers always burning. These are surely examples for our imitation, instances recorded to stir us up from our languor and sloth. Look into one of the closets of these holy men, or

listen even at their closet door; go and return again, and look and listen. Do you not see, do you not hear something that at once solemnizes and rebukes? What are our closets now? How little frequented, and even when used, how different the sounds that echo round their walls? Where are the days of fasting and supplication? Where are the groanings which cannot be uttered, the straining crying and tears, the continual pleading with God, the ordering of our cause before Him, the heaping up of argument for the pleading with Him as friend with friend, the pleading to let Him go until the blessing come?—Dr. H. BONAR, in the *Christian Treasury*.

## FUN AND FACT.

.... "There's a good time coming, boys, but it is a good while coming, boys."

.... "No, ma'am, I said a grocer to an applicant for credit: 'I wouldn't even trust my own feelings.'"

.... "Somebody says every failure is a step to success. This will explain why the oftener some men fail the richer they become."

.... "Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed Mrs. Farrington. "What will the impudence of this woman make me wonder? Why, they might as well tell me the man had six heads in his hat."

.... "It is in vain to think we can take any delight in being with Christ hereafter, if we are not now little with Him in His company here."

.... "The only way to look at a lady's faults," exclaimed a gallant, "is to shut your eyes."

.... "The revelations that God has made of His will are not so much for knowledge as they are for practice. He knows, and does not, has many stripes awaiting him."

.... "To be assured of our salvation is no arrogant stoutness; it is our faith. It is no presumption; it is God's ordinance. It is no pride; it is devotion."—*Augustine*.

.... Prof. Whewell says: "Every failure is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs towards what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so, but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure; scarcely any theory, the embryo of steady thought, is altogether false; no tempting form is without some latent charm derived from truth."

.... "There is no bank or bar of difficulty over which God will not so deepen the water as to make it passable, and He will treat Him to do so; but special exigencies call for special earnestness and importunity in prayer. Earnest prayer is the inspired prophet of approaching joy."

.... "Pat had been engaged to kill a turtle for a neighbor, and proceeded immediately to cut off his head. Pat's attention was called to the fact that the turtle still crawled about, though it had been decapitated, and he explained: 'Sure the beast is entirely dead, only he is not yet conscious of it.'"

.... "Those who would purify their lives must first purify their thoughts; for if the ideal be vile and unworthy, the life must, to some extent at least, be a reflection of it. The fear of what others will say and think, the phantom of ordinary life, to be prevented the fountain from pouring out its bitter waters."

.... "If obstacles lie in your path, overlook them. And never forget that a grain of boldness in everything is an important requisite of prudence."

.... "The best stock you can invest in is farm stock; the best shares, plough shares; the best business, the business of rural streams—since the more the latter are broken, the better dividends they return on the investment."—*Ploughman*.

.... "Persons of genius are more individual than any other people. They are consequently, of fitting themselves, without painful compression, into any of the small numbers of the world which are provided in order to save its members the trouble of forming their own characters."—*John Stuart Mill*.

.... "There is in every human countenance either a history or a prophecy, which must be read, or at least sensed, every reflecting observer."—*Coleridge*.

.... "It is not perhaps much thought of, but it is certainly a very important lesson, to learn how to be content with what we have, and to be able to rely upon being without the transport of some notion or gratification of some appetite."—*Stowe*.

.... "A gentleman at a dinner party was seated next a young miss. He asked her if she was fond of ethnology. She said she was, but she was not very well, and the doctor had told her to eat anything for dessert except oranges."

.... "An Irish couple, on a fine evening since, at about nine o'clock, rang the door-bell of one of the Protestant parsons of our city. The door was opened by a young man, who, on inquiring what they wanted, was informed by Michael, that he and Bridget came to be married."

.... "But why," asked the parson, "don't you go to the priest?"

.... "And sure we did," said Michael, "and he told us to go to the devil, and so we came to you."

.... "Henry Melville beautifully says: 'How often has that to which we looked forward with hope, wrung from us tears! And how often has that to which we awaited in faith, made the countenance sunny with smiles!'"

.... "Let us pray God that He would root out of our hearts everything of our own planning, and set out there, with His own hands, the tree of life, bearing all manner of fruits."

.... "Thou, O most compassionate One who didst stoop to our estate, Drinking of the cup we drank, Treading in our path of pain, Through the doubt and mystery, Grant to us Thy peace and aid, And the grace to draw from thence Larger hope and confidence."

.... "Show Thy vacant couch, and let, As of old, the angels, and let, Whispering by its open door, 'Fear not, He hath gone before.'"

.... "In Dr. Thompson's 'The United States as a Nation,' occurs the following specimen of European ignorance of American affairs: 'One of the foremost monthly magazines, written by a university professor, attributed to a speech of President Lincoln in the Senate of the United States, the astounding statement that, 'in building a railway, it was better to finish the road rapidly because, though such immature work would cost more lives, it would hasten the development of the country.'"

.... "In this case Decem could 'lick' Novem, and so on down to Unus, who could not lick anybody, except her own calf. I suppose I ought to have called the weakest cow Unus instead of Unus, considering her sex; but I didn't care much to teach the cows the declension of adjectives, in which I was not very well myself; and besides, it would be of little use to a cow. People who devote themselves too severely to study of the classics are apt to become dried up, and you should never do anything to dry up a cow. Well, these ten cows knew their names after awhile, at least they appeared to, and would take their places as I called them. At least, if Octo attempted to get before Novem in going through the bars (I have heard people speak of a 'pair of bars' when there were six or eight of them), or into the stable, the matter of precedence was settled then and there, and once settled, there was no dispute about it afterward. Novem either put

## FOR FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

## WHERE THEY LEARN IT.

"I don't see where my children learn such things," is one of the most common phrases in a mother's vocabulary. A little incident which we happened to witness, may, perhaps, help to solve the enigma. We smiled a little at the time, but we have thought a great deal of it since, and we trust not without profit.

"Bob," screamed out a bright-eyed little girl, somewhat under six years of age, to a youngster who was seated on the curb-stone making hasty-pudding out of the mud in the gutter: "Bob, you good-for-nothing little scamp, you come right into the skin this minute, or I'll beat you till the skin comes off!"

"Why, Angelina, Angelina, dear, what do you mean? Where do you learn such talk?" exclaimed her mother, in a wondering tone, as she stood on the steps cursing to a friend.

Angelina looked up innocently, and answered, "Why, mother, you see we are playing; and he's my little boy, and he's scolding him just as you did me this morning; that's all."—*Presbyterian Banner*.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

## WORDS TO BOYS.

I think I would ask permission, if I had happened to be born in a city, to have the opportunity of passing all my vacations in the country, that I might learn the names of trees and flowers and birds. We are so ignorant of all accurate rural knowledge. We guess at many country things, but we are certain of very few. It is inexcusable in a grown-up person, like my amiable neighbor Simpson, who lives from May to November on a farm of sixty acres in a beautiful wooded country, not to know a maple from a beech, or a bobolink from a catbird. He once handed me a bunch of pansies and called them violets, and on another occasion he mistook sweet-peas for geraniums.

A boy ought also to be at home in a barn, and learn how to harness a horse, to use a wagon, feed the animals, and do a hundred useful things, the experience of which may be of special service to him in after-life as an explorer or a traveler, when unlooked-for emergencies befall him. I have seen an ex-President of the United States, when an old man, descend from his carriage and rearrange his harness and straps about his horses when an accident occurred, while the clumsy coachman stood by in a kind of hopeless inactivity, not knowing the best thing to be done. The ex-President told me he had learned about such matters on a farm in his boyhood, and so he was never at a loss for remedies on the road when his carriage broke down.

I would keep "better hours" if I were a boy again; that is, I would go to bed earlier than most boys do. Nothing gives more mental and bodily vigor than sound rest when properly applied. Sleep is our great replenisher, and if we neglect to take it regularly in childhood, all the worse for us when we grow up. If we go to bed early, we ripen; if we sit up late, we decay; and sooner or later we contract a disease called insomnia, allowing it to be permanently fixed upon us, and then we begin to decay, even in youth. Late hours are shadows from the grave.

If I were a boy again I would practice perseverance oftener, and never give a thing up because it was hard or inconvenient to do it. If we want light, we must conquer darkness. When I think of mathematics I blush at the recollection of how often I "caved in" years ago. There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished. We are all inclined to give up too easily in trying or unpleasant situations, and the point I would establish with myself, if the choice were again within my grasp, would be never to relinquish my hold of a possible success if mortal strength or brains in my case were adequate to the occasion.

That was a capital lesson which Prof. Faraday taught one of his students in the lecture-room after some chemical experiments. The lights had been put out in the hall, and by accident some small article dropped on the floor from the Professor's hand. The Professor lingered behind, endeavoring to pick it up. "Never mind," said the student, "it is of no consequence to-night, sir, whether we find it or no." "That is true," replied the professor, "but it is of great consequence to me as a principle, that I am not foiled in my determination to find it." Perseverance can sometimes equal genius in its results.

"There are only two creatures," says the Eastern proverb, "who can surmount the pyramids—the eagle and the snail!"—*FIELDS' Underbrush*.

## LATIN AND POETRY FOR COWS.

I once taught my cows Latin. I don't mean that I taught them to read Latin or any of the dead languages—a cow cares more for her cud than she does for all the classics put together. But if you begin early you can teach a cow, or a calf (if you can teach a calf anything, which I doubt), Latin as well as English. There were ten cows which I had to escort to and from pasture night and morning. To these cows I gave the names of the Roman numerals, beginning with Unus and Duo, and going up to Decem. Decem was, of course, the biggest cow of the party, or at least she was the ruler of the others, and had the place of honor in the stable and everywhere else. I admire cows, and especially the exactness with which they define their social position. In this case Decem could "lick" Novem, and Novem could "lick" Octo, and so on down to Unus, who could not lick anybody, except her own calf. I suppose I ought to have called the weakest cow Unus instead of Unus, considering her sex; but I didn't care much to teach the cows the declension of adjectives, in which I was not very well myself; and besides, it would be of little use to a cow. People who devote themselves too severely to study of the classics are apt to become dried up, and you should never do anything to dry up a cow. Well, these ten cows knew their names after awhile, at least they appeared to, and would take their places as I called them. At least, if Octo attempted to get before Novem in going through the bars (I have heard people speak of a "pair of bars" when there were six or eight of them), or into the stable, the matter of precedence was settled then and there, and once settled, there was no dispute about it afterward. Novem either put

her horns into Octo's ribs, and Octo stumbled to one side, or else the two locked horns and tried the game of push and gore until one gave up. Nothing is stricter than the etiquette of a party of cows. There is nothing in royal courts equal to it; rank is exactly settled, and the same individuals always have the precedence. Besides Latin, I used to try to teach the cows a little poetry, and it is a very good plan. It does not do the cows much good, but it is very good exercise for a boy farmer. I used to commit to memory as good short poems as I could find (the cows used to like to listen to "Thanatopsis" about as well as anything), and repeat them when I went to the pasture, and as I drove the cows home through the sweet ferns and down the rocky slopes. It improves a boy's elocution a great deal more than driving oxen. It is a fact, also, that if a boy repeats "Thanatopsis" while he is milking, that operation acquires a certain dignity. —CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER'S *Being a Boy*.

## FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

## MAGIC CURTAINS.

I know of some curtains, all lined with pink silk,  
And bordered with fringes of gold,  
That, fastened of satin, the hue of rich milk,  
Are made to fold and unfold.

When darkness comes on, and the world sinks to sleep,  
These beautiful curtains slip down;  
And all through the night-hours, carelessly sweep  
The cheeks of all sleepers in town.

And when the day dawns, and the people wake up,  
These curtains, they fold up so tight—  
Their creamy-white fulness so closely take  
Up, that only the fringe is in sight!

Do you know what these wonderful curtains are yet?  
Or, will you be filled with surprise,  
When I tell you that two are most cunningly set  
Right over your wondering eyes?  
—*Wide Awake*.







